With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth and so my Lord farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engrost'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and nobleneſſe of minde:
Layd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad

Line 34 in your forme. Ult. mine oratorie
Line Ult. mine oratorie grew to an end,